

TIMELY TATTLE ABOUT LINGERIE AND FURS

STYLES in undermuslins are more stable than those in our outer garments, but they change gradually and surely. The trend for some time has been toward sheer fabrics and color; pink and flesh color were the pioneers and are now well established as white, but they are not alone. This season finds all the pretty, flower-like hues claiming attention and joining their ranks are vivid high colors and black. In the matter of sheer materials we have reached the limit, with chiffon and net.

The average woman stops short of such gossamer stuffs and chooses fine

For the nightdress and envelope chemise pictured, crepe de chine, embroidered and trimmed with lace and ribbons, makes pretty garments in assured styles.

In the list of small fur garments, which includes scarfs, capes and garments with sleeves, scarfs lead, by a long way, in popularity. The scarf, in its smaller sizes, is an all-the-year-round convenience, less costly than its rivals that consume more fur and more time in their making, but quite as becoming as any of them. It is much in evidence just now with tailored suits and dresses and nearly



Flower-like Hues in Lingerie

mul, batiste, crepe de chine or French voile, all as soft and dainty as heart could wish and all reliably durable. Voile is a recent acquisition and promises to rival crepe de chine. It has been transplanted to the Philippines and there made up into beautifully embroidered lingerie that comes in many lovely, unaccustomed colors. Nightdresses are designed along the simplest lines and many of them are sleeveless. Those of colored crepe de chine include models that are cut in points at the bottom, and are merely plain chemise lengthened to the ankles.

all these small scarfs are made of dark or stone marten, mink or fox, in one or two-skin pieces.

These same furs, supplemented by sealskin, squirrel, kolinsky, mole and other pelts make the ample scarfs, wide and long, to be worn with muffs in colder weather, and between the extremes of the choker and the long scarf there are a few shaped scarfs somewhat like little capes at the back but having scarf ends. In all scarfs little beads and the natural tails are employed as a finish, but a few modish substitute pompons of fur for tails.

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Small Fur Garments

All edges are picoté and two or three rows of hemstitching above the picot edge suffices for trimming, but a pretty ribbon rose is posed at the neck and a narrow girdle of two-toned satin ribbon is tied at the front, with long ends hanging to the hem. Chemises are equally plain—merely two straight pieces of Italian silk, or crepe de chine sewed together and having satin ribbon straps over the shoulders. The envelope pattern remains the favorite and is made up in all the usual materials and some unusual colors. Many bloomers are made of jersey silk.

and simply round off the end where one would look for the head.

Sealskin and moleskin are particularly well adapted to small wraps that are something between a cape and a coat, like the handsome garment pictured, and in these rich little affairs the collar is apt to be in a different fur.

Julia Bottomley
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"VAMPS" WHO MADE HISTORY

By JAMES C. YOUNG.

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THE QUEEN WHO BECAME A "KING."

WE THINK of little Sweden today as one of the vest-pocket nations. But the close of the Sixteenth and the beginning of the Seventeenth centuries saw Sweden one of the first powers of Europe. Several kings, especially Gustavus Adolphus, had overrun the Baltic mainland and penetrated far into Poland. Then Gustavus died in 1632 and his six-year-old daughter Christina became queen.

She was a strange child. She rode, hunted, swore and fought better than any girl and most boys in Sweden. At eighteen she took over control of the kingdom and broke off a match which had been arranged for her. She announced that she would never wed, and that instead of queen she must be called "king."

To her other accomplishments Christina now added those of a heavy drinker and a ruler of light affections. Her choice fell on several diplomats of her court, but was just as likely to linger upon a handsome trooper or a strapping coachman. She liked big men, the rougher the better, and could carry on a drinking bout with any army sergeant.

Christina usually wore a man's clothes, with a scrap of ribbon and a comb in her hair. She was a handsome woman, despite her way of dress, and never wanted for admirers. But she tried to dissemble her feminine side, although she was every whit a woman, jealous, high-tempered and sometimes ready to cry of rage. She slept five hours a day, stayed in the saddle ten hours at a time and delighted in drilling her troops. She had military capacity, was well read, with the politics of Europe at her finger tips. Christina excelled in athletics, won the reputation of a crack shot and could handle a sword with the best of her officers.

Although it would have taken a brave man to become Christina's consort, she received many offers of marriage which might have linked her throne with that of the first in Europe. But she declined all offers and persisted in her resolution to remain single. At first her rule had been wise, even brilliant, but by degrees she became involved in difficulties and the power of Sweden began to wane. Christina found herself unable to stem the tide. She was a king in name only, lacking the mental balance or the true perseverance to overcome obstacles. Her nature inclined to the impetuous and not the devoted ways of statecraft.

Stricken by remorse and the difficulties of her country, Christina quit the throne. And, although she was no longer "king," her mode of life continued to be a series of truly royal revels.

THE WOMAN WHO PLAYED FOR A CROWN.

THE beginning of the Seventeenth century found Henry IV on the throne of France, perhaps its ablest king since Charlemagne. He was devoted to Gabrielle d'Estrees, "Baby Gabrielle," and planned to marry her, but her death intervened. Henry was disconsolate. For three months he locked himself in a black-draped chamber and took counsel with his grief. But this could not last and he was persuaded to return to Paris.

Almost the first person Henry met was Henriette d'Entragues. "Baby Gabrielle" had been a plump little blonde, with peaches-and-cream complexion and soulful blue eyes. Henriette was tall and dark, black-haired, black-eyed, a siren if one ever lived. Henry was vanquished. But Henriette was a thorough vamp. She talked about marriage. Henry demurred. Then her family carried her off from "the wicked king" whom she had ensnared. Henry's passion led him to sign a contract with the family agreeing to wed Henriette if she gave him a male heir in a certain time. Then everybody was happy for a while, all but the Duc de Sully, the king's minister. One day he announced to Henry, "We have been marrying you, sire. Marie de Medici is to be your queen."

Henry vehemently protested, but Sully talked of the advantages in a marriage linking him to the great house of Florence. And Henry relented. He tried by every possible means to get back the marriage contract, which the D'Entragues family would not surrender. Then a child was born to Henriette—dead. The contract was void.

The king married Marie and a contest immediately began between the two women. Henriette, rightly or wrongly, was implicated in a plot against the throne and ordered to prison. "The king may take my life if he pleases and everybody will say that he killed his wife, for I was queen before the Tuscan woman," was the bold declaration of the prisoner.

Henry had her released and their intimacy continued until Henriette's imperious temper made him seek relief in other quarters. This he found in the soft graces of Charlotte de Montmorency.

Henriette was banished from court, and in her country retreat she turned to strange practices. The woman who had been a perfect type of the vampire sank herself into gluttony and drink. She became fat, displeasing, vulgar. But her heart still harked back to the days when she was almost a queen.

Then Henry was assassinated by Ravallac and suspicion turned to Henriette. But nothing could be found to involve her. Apparently the former beauty cared for nought but feasts and drink.

THE VAMPIRE WITH AN ANGEL'S FACE.

WHEN Catherine of Russia still was a servant in an East Prussian inn, early in the Eighteenth century a girl named Marie appeared and asked for her help. She was a blonde Swede, named Marie, and told a pathetic story of running away with a young man, who had deserted her when their child was born. She had no money, was weak and haggard. Would Catherine take her in?

Catherine sat the girl down to the best dinner she could find, and watched her eat. "You have the face of an angel," she said, and persuaded her master to let the girl stay. Then the Russians captured the town, and Marie and Catherine fell into the hands of officers.

Marie did not fare so well as Catherine. But she exchanged an officer for a prince. It may be said here that Marie's child had not died, for she murdered it. The father, who had become an officer in the czar's service, met her when she was living with the prince and warned her to spare a second child of which the prince was the father. But Marie fell into a lake with the child, and when rescued it was dead.

A few years later Marie appeared in Petrograd. Catherine had become the empress, and Marie had powerful protectors. The two women met, and knew each other, but it is said that they never mentioned the days at the inn. Instead, Marie set herself to win the attention of Peter the Great. Failing in this, she waited for him when he was walking in a garden, and threw herself into his arms.

Catherine and Marie, the former friends, now crossed swords for Peter's affection. Both were beauties, and writers of that time bear testimony to Marie's "angelic" face. But unfortunately for her that same officer who had warned her, appeared in Petrograd. And about this time Marie became the mother of a third child, said to have been that of Peter. She killed this child and threw it into an old well. A servant told the news of her deed to the officer, who in turn passed it on to the czar.

Peter ordered a great revel held, and piled Marie with wine until her wits were not her own. Then he took her in his arms, before the whole company, and by the mastery of his will made her confess her crimes. Peter was a devil incarnate to whom the murder of a child would have meant little if it had not been his own. He flung Marie from him, and ordered her execution.

When the headman had severed the vampire's stunted neck, Peter picked up the head and kissed the dead lips.

THE QUEEN OF GEW-GAWS.

WHEN Napoleon returned from Italy after the campaign of 1797, which made him famous, a group of the prettiest women in Paris gathered around the new conqueror. None of them were more bewitching than his own sister, Paulette. When many women were striving to reach high station, Paulette had just one mission—fine clothes and a gay time.

She turned so many heads that the account has been lost. Then Napoleon forced General Leclerc to marry her. The little Paulette continued to be her same bad self. Leclerc failed in a campaign against Portugal. Napoleon saw his chance and packed both of them off to Santo Domingo, although Paulette rolled at his feet and tore her hair.

Leclerc died in Santo Domingo, and back came Paulette to Paris. Napoleon provided her with a husband by force a second time. He was Prince Camilla Borghese of Rome.

But she and the prince did not get on well. In Rome Paulette met the great sculptor Canova, and posed for his reclining statue of Venus.

Napoleon had himself proclaimed emperor and Paulette hastened back to take her place near him. The prince had become insufferable to her. Napoleon kindly sent him off to a distant army command. And Paulette threw herself into a succession of love affairs. Generals, actors, musicians, even a valet, were numbered among her intimates. This conduct caused so much talk that she and Napoleon constantly were at odds. On one occasion he dressed her down with a cane.

She was said to have originated the idea of milk baths, and her bathroom became familiarly known as "Paulette's dairy." But, the tragedy of 1814 cut short her gay ways and she accompanied Napoleon to Elba. Paulette had one staunch love in her life—for Napoleon. When he fled from Elba in 1815 she insisted that he take her jewels, and even sold her dresses to help raise funds. The jewels were in Napoleon's carriage at Waterloo. Then he went to Helena. Paulette lived until 1825, dying at forty-four. When the end came she called for a mirror, looked at herself, and said, "I am ready to die. I am still beautiful."

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BARBERS' NAMES ON MIRROR MARKS CENTER OF THE EARTH

New York Proprietor Thinks Patrons Should Know Who Is Operating on Them.

The proprietor of a barber shop in New York believes it is a good thing for his business to have his patrons call each barber by name. To this end he has had one of his 15 employees who is handy at lettering scroll the first name of each barber in soap on the mirror in front of each chair.

When a patron enters he sees a row of names—"Tom," "Adam," "Anthony," "Rob," "James,"—on either side of the mirrored shop. Below each name is an arrow and a number.

"It's like branding cattle," one barber remarked. "I am Sid and each morning I back into stall No. 2. The boss insists it is a good idea. Makes the shop more homelike, he says."

Cow Has Six Tests.
A farmer at Hiding Mountain, Manitoba, writes that he has a cow with six tests, and milk is obtained from them all. He says that whereas it is not uncommon for a cow to have more than four tests, he has never heard of getting milk from more than four. Is this a record?

Making It "Keep."
It is hard to tell in some countries whether liberty is preserved or canned. —Washington Post.

Lefty Monument in Delhi, India, Erected After a Meteorite Fell Near the Spot.

The idea that the earth is not a flat disk, but a globe, does not seem to have "caught on" in India, for they still talk about a certain place being the "center of the world."

In Delhi stands a lofty monument that goes by name of Kutub Minor, a structure towering high above the temple of which it is a part.

The appearance of this curious piece of architecture is that of a number of tiers of columns, seemingly tied together in bundles. At big intervals there are balconies.

The Kutub Minor is of special interest and note in the world over which the religion of the teacher Buddha holds sway. Here, long ago, tradition has it a meteorite fell, sent by the ruling powers in the mystic world beyond this life to mark in the exact center of the world.

In commemoration of this miraculous event the Kutub Minor was erected on the spot, that mankind might never forget it.—London Answers.

Out of the Ordinary.
North—There was something unusual about the Vaughns' home tonight that I can't quite place.
Mrs. North—Don't you know? Mr. Vaughn was at home!

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